

be involved in the disclosures," and Lulu tapped the list with an agitated gesture.

"Unfortunate, perhaps, but not poor," corrected Vasco; "if you read the list carefully you'll notice that I haven't troubled to include anyone whose financial standing isn't above question."

Lulu glared at her nephew for some moments in silence. Then she asked hoarsely: "What are you going to do?"

"Nothing -- for the remainder of my life," he answered meaningly. "A little hunting, perhaps," he continued, "and I shall have a villa at Florence. The Villa Sub-Rosa would sound rather quaint and picturesque, don't you think, and quite a lot of people would be able to attach a meaning to the name. And I suppose I must have a hobby; I shall probably collect Raeburns."

Lulu's relative, who lived at the Court of Monaco, got quite a snappish answer when she wrote recommending some further invention in the realm of marine research.

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"Then you should put them out of harm's way at once. Supposing anything should leak out, think of all these poor, unfortunate people who would the young man.

"Oh, they are, I assure you of that," interposed you say, they are highly compromising --"

"But you should have," said Lulu angrily; "if, as Vasco shook his head.

remark with an entire lack of conviction. herself. She was conscious that she made the asked, when she had somewhat recovered "Of course you have destroyed the papers?" she almost paralysing effect on her thinking faculties. her own name at the head of the list exercised an nearly every one she knew. As a matter of fact, names, which seemed for the moment to include The Duchess gazed helplessly at the string of head of it, otherwise it follows alphabetical order."

papers were made public. I've put you at the very disagreeable scandal if the *Sub-Rosa's* the well-known people who would be involved in a "Oh no," said Vasco carelessly, "that is a list of asked. "Was this in the *Sub-Rosa's* strong-box?" she

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The great galleon lay in semi-retirement under the sand and weed and water of the northern bay where the fortune of war and weather had long ago ensconced it. Three and a quarter centuries had passed since the day when it had taken to the high seas as an important unit of a fighting squadron -- precisely which squadron the learned were not agreed. The galleon had brought nothing into the world, but it had, according to tradition and report, taken much out of it. But how much? There again the learned were in disagreement. Some were as generous in their estimate as an income-tax assessor, others applied a species of higher criticism to the submerged treasure chests, and debased their contents to the currency of goblin gold. Of the former school was Lulu, Duchess of Dulverton.

The Duchess was not only a believer in the existence of a sunken treasure of alluring proportions; she also believed that she knew of a method by which the said treasure might be precisely located and cheaply disembedded. An aunt on her mother's side of the family had been Maid of Honour at the Court of Monaco, and had taken a respectful interest in the deep-sea researches in which the Throne of that country,

# The Treasure Ship

Saki (H H Munro)



Somewhere on the west coast of Ireland the Dulverton property included a few acres of shingle, rock, and heather, too barren to support even an agrarian outrage, but embracing a small and fairly deep bay where the lobster yield was good in most seasons. There was a bleak little house on the property, and for those who liked lobsters and solitude, and were able to accept an Irish cook's ideas as to what might be perpetrated in the name of mayonnaise, Innisgluther was a tolerable exile during the summer months. Lulu seldom went there herself, but she lent the house lavishly to friends and relations. She put it now at Vasco's disposal.

"It will be the very place to practise and experiment with the salvage apparatus," she said; "the bay is quite deep in places, and you will be able to test everything thoroughly before starting on the treasure hunt."

In less than three weeks Vasco turned up in town to report progress.

"The apparatus works beautifully," he informed his aunt; "the deeper one got the clearer everything grew. We found something in the way of a sunken wreck to operate on, too!"

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"A wreck in Innisgluther Bay!" exclaimed Lulu. "A submerged motor-boat, the *Sub-Rosa*," said Vasco. "No! really?" said Lulu; "poor Billy Yuttley's boat. I remember it went down somewhere off that coast some three years ago. His body was washed ashore at the Point. People said at the time that the boat was capsized intentionally -- a case of suicide, you know. People always say that sort of thing when anything tragic happens." "In this case they were right," said Vasco. "What do you mean?" asked the Duchess hurriedly. "What makes you think so?" "I know," said Vasco simply. "How can you know? How can anyone know? The thing happened three years ago." "In a locker of the *Sub-Rosa* I found a water-tight strong-box. It contained papers." Vasco paused with dramatic effect and searched for a moment in the inner breast-pocket of his coat. He drew out a folded slip of paper. The Duchess snatched at it in almost indecent haste and moved appreciably nearer the fireplace.